

704 TASS Sing and Drink Book  
Going out of Business Version

No binder

Songbook dated Spring-Summer 1984

Photocopy

5 1/2 x 8 1/2 stapled songbook with notes

Binder: None

Folder: None

Title: 704 TASS Sing and Drink Book, Going out of Business Version

Branch: U.S. Air Force

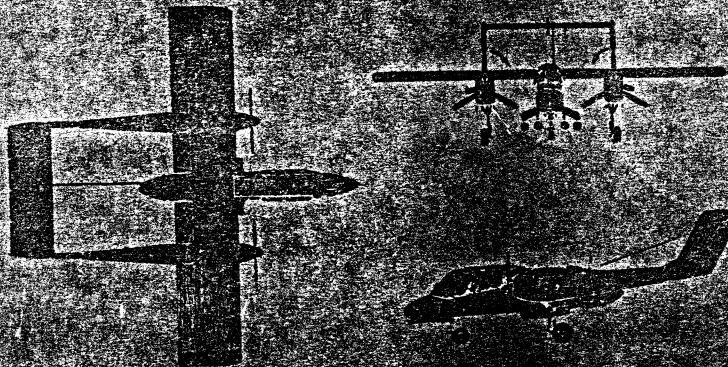
Unit 704 Tactical Air Support Squadron (TASS) / Forward Air Control (FAC)

Date: 1984

Source: Metz Collection

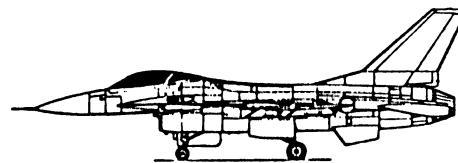
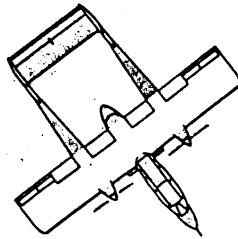
# 704 TASS SING. AND DRINK BOOK

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS VERSION



SPRING - SUMMER 1984

**THIS SONG BOOK IS DEDICATED  
TO SHOE CLERKS WORLDWIDE  
--ESPECIALLY "ON THE HILL" AT SEMBACH--  
WITHOUT THEIR INSPIRATION, WE'D PROBABLY  
SPEND ALL OUR TIME AT THE BAR  
JUST DRINKING !!!**



**SO HOW DOES EVERY  
BRONCO FAC SONG BEGIN . . .**

**DA-DOT DA-DOT DOT-DOT**

**TITS!!!**

**THE 704 TASS FAC**

Nowhere in the Air Force can one pilot do the variety of activities or hold so many diverse jobs at any one given time. The result--we gotta deal with a lot of different people. Each of these people have come to see us in a different light. Whether you're some Baalborn farmer with a hotline to the general, or a Putzfrau from Munchweiler who has to clean up every Monday morning or a Canadian pilot from Solingen who has learned all about "ultimate piles", each has his or her unique view of the FAC.

Well, now that JAKE is leaving Europe, what lasting image have we left on those that we deal with day-in and day-out.

**SPECIAL TO THIS FINAL EDITION OF THE 704 TASS SING AND DRINK BOOK WE PRESENT:  
THE FAC, AS SEEN BY:**

**HIS ALO:** He's a lucky son-of-a-bitch who is rarely out in the field doing his real job, he continually avoids his real duty at any expense, I can't understand why he doesn't like going to Hohenfels a week early, when he gets to the field he always disappears to some resort gasthaus to chase some Swiss frauleins on vacation, he doesn't know how to put fifty pfennigs into a "man "pay light", there are some real outstanding ground FACs in your squadron, guys like LOBO, RUBY and BENBO--and don't let forget GILLEN--that boy loves field duty with me, but none of those guys knows how lucky he is to be a FAC flying OV-10s on one side than be an ALO driving a MRC-107.

**HIS ARMY BATTALION CC:** WHAT'S A FAC? Oh you mean Air Force, he's an overpaid logistic burden who hasn't figured out how to wear his uniform yet, he's always disappearing for some meeting with his ALO, but I know better: They go to drink beer at some gasthaus chasing Swiss frauleins while the rest of us are out in the field doing real work, he always sleeps at night and seems to only be around when the food comes, he never has any air when I need it, he's always in Spain, I just can't find them on the weekends, and he isn't aware of how lucky he is to be a FAC and not an officer in the Army.

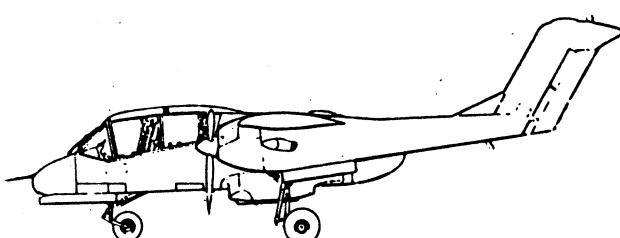
**OTHER NATO PILOTS:** He's a beer drinking member of 'za NATO "FLYING CLUB" whose airplane I routinely--yes zis is a routine thing--use for 'za target practice, he's got much of 'za talents for 'za drinking, 'zis new NATO game called "ultimate piles", 'za sleeping in 'za strange places, he gives 'za great rides of orientation, we have partied with him from as far north as 'za British Base Leuchars RAF and as far south as Morocco, but -eh- he is not as good as 'ze nuclear tipped cruise missile, ah but he does know 'zat it is a bummer to be a FAC in a real world of fast jets.

THE PUTZFRAU: These guys are a bunch of cussing, beer drinking slobs who drink their weight in coffee each day, they always chase me around while I'm vacuuming, they can't ever pick up after themselves, they stick up stupid pictures in the bathroom and then write all over them, they must never get any sex because they've got all these dirty magazines in the bathroom stalls, they play stupid games with popcorn, and they expect me to cry every Christmas when they give me some lousy gift like that goddamn vacuum cleaner last year.

HIS COMMANDER: A beer drinking inexperienced pilot who inevitably gets a DWI every time there is a squadron party, that's what the FAC is. He can't fly a plane 500' over water, he needs a flight lead to keep him out of trouble, has mid-airirs over foreign bases, he hits birds whenever he has the chance, he doesn't understand the importance of putting down his gear before he lands, he keeps picking on me whenever there is a going away party, he is always late for squadron bag drags, he can't remember to send a line truck out to my airplane when I land, and he just doesn't understand that he's got "one of the really neat jobs" in the Air Force.

HIS WIFE/GIRLFRIEND: He's a beer drinking drunken slob that can't pick up after himself, he puts strange pictures up in the family bathroom and expects the kids to write strange comments all over them, is always going TDY to Zaragoza or Aviano, he seems to live at the squadron snack bar or the O'Club, he flirts with all the women he meets in Denmark (and would take them home if I weren't there to stop him), occasionally says something very sweet and doesn't have the foggiest idea how tough it is to be the wife/girlfriend of a FAC.

BY HIMSELF: A tall, handsome, highly trained professional killer, idol of all Danish women, a true gentlemen, has Ray Ban sunglasses and a star saphire ring, hates all shoe clerks and people from the Housing Referral Office at Sembach, drinks only Guinness, Jose Cuervo, Bischoff, San Miguel and an occasional Scotch (filled--but only to the top), master of all bar songs and bar games, can't stand the sight of peter pockets, fat women or WSO's, can order a beer and get laid in eight different languages, a fighter pilot extraordinaire, who is always on time to squadron mass briefings due to the relaiability of his CASIO digital watch, uses his ivory handled P-38 to hit shoe clerks, and can't wait to get the fuck done with his FAC tour so he can fly real fighters.



### BRONCO SONG

DEAR MOM, YOUR SON IS DEAD.  
HE BOUGHT THE FARM TODAY.  
HE CRASHED HIS OV-10 ON HO CHI MIN'S HIGHWAY.  
IT WAS A ROCKET PASS AND HE BUSTED HIS ASS.  
HMM, HMM, HMM.

HE WENT ACROSS THE FENCE  
TO SEE WHAT HE COULD SEE.  
THERE IT WAS AS PLAIN AS IT COULD BE.  
IT WAS A TRUCK ON THE ROAD WITH A BIG HEAVY LOAD.  
HMM, HMM, HMM.

HE GOT RIGHT ON THE HORN.  
AND GAVE THE DASC A CALL.  
"SEND ME AIR, I'VE GOT A TRUCK THAT'S STALLED."  
THE DASC SAID, "THAT'S ALL RIGHT.  
I'LL SEND YOU JUVAT FLIGHT."  
FOR I AM THE POWER.

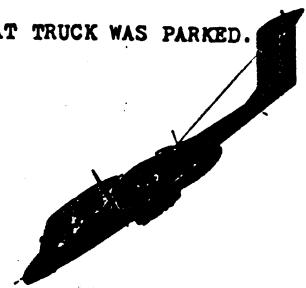
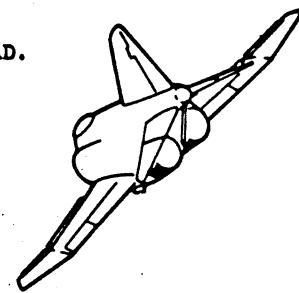
THE PHANTOMS CHECKED RIGHT IN  
GUNFIGHTERS, TWO BY TWO  
LOW ON GAS AND TANKER OVERDUE.  
THEY ASKED THE FAC TO MARK JUST WHERE THAT TRUCK WAS PARKED.  
HMM, HMM, HMM.

THE FAC HE ROLLED RIGHT IN  
WITH HIS SMOKE TO MARK  
EXACTLY WHERE THAT TRUCK WAS PARKED.  
NOW THE REST IS IN DOUBT,  
CAUSE HE NEVER PULLED OUT.  
HMM, HMM, HMM.

#### WITH REVERENCE

DEAR MOM, YOUR SON IS DEAD.  
HE BOUGHT THE FARM TODAY.  
HE CRASHED HIS OV-10 ON HO CHI MIN'S HIGHWAY.  
IT WAS A ROCKET PASS AND HE BUSTED HIS ASS.  
HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM!

HOW DID HE GO? STRAIGHT IN!  
WHAT WAS HE DOING? THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE!  
HELL OF A DEAL. WHOOEE!



### FIGHTER PILOTS

OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL  
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL  
OH THE PLACE IS FULL OF QUEERS, NAVIGATORS, BOMBADERS  
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

#### CHORUS

SINGIN', GLORIOUS, VICTORIOUS  
ONE KEG OF BEER FOR THE FOUR OF US  
SINGIN' GLORY BE TO GOD, THAT THERE ARE NO MORE OF US  
'CAUSE ONE OF US COULD DRINK IT ALL ALONE  
PASS THE BEER, TO THE REAR OF THE SQUADRON!

OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN THE STATES  
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN THE STATES  
THEY'RE ALL ON FOREIGN SHORES MAKING MOTHERS OUT OF WHORES  
SO THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS IN THE STATES

OH THE BOMBER PILOTS LIFE IS BUT A FARCE  
OH THE BOMBER PILOTS LIFE IS JUST A FARCE  
WITH THE AUTO-PILOT ON READING PLAYBOY IN THE JOHN  
OH THE BOMBER PILOTS LIFE IS BUT A FARCE

OH LOOK, A FUCKING TWENTIETH PUKE IN THE CLUB  
OH LOOK, A FUCKING TWENTIETH PUKE IN THE CLUB  
THEY DON'T PARTY, THEY DON'T SING, THE 704TH DOES EVERYTHING  
CH LOOK, A FUCKING TWENTIETH PUKE IN THE CLUB

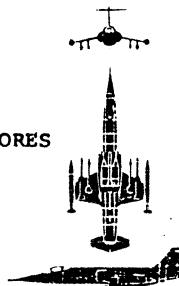
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS AT THE 'BACH  
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS AT THE 'BACH  
WE'RE ALL DOWN AT ZAB, FUCKIN WOMEN, GETTIN SCABS  
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS AT THE 'BACH

OH ITS NAUGHTY NAUGHTY NAUGHTY BUT IT'S NICE  
IF YOU'VE DONE IT ONCE YOU'LL WANT TO DO IT TWICE  
IT'LL WRECK YOUR REPUTATION BUT INCREASE THE POPULATION  
OH ITS NAUGHTY NAUGHTY NAUGHTY BUT IT'S NICE

#### PISS ON THE (20th)

LET'S ALL PISS ON THE \_\_\_\_\_  
PISS ON THE \_\_\_\_\_, PISS ON THE \_\_\_\_\_  
LET'S ALL GO DOWN AND PISS ON THE \_\_\_\_\_  
TILL THEY FLOAT AWAY  
TILL THEY FLOAT AWAY  
TILL THEY FLOAT AWAY

LET'S ALL GO DOWN AND PISS ON THE \_\_\_\_\_  
PISS ON THE \_\_\_\_\_, PISS ON THE \_\_\_\_\_  
LET'S ALL GO DOWN AND PISS ON THE \_\_\_\_\_  
TILL THEY ALL FLOAT AWAY



### ADELINE SCHMIDT

THERE ONCE WAS A MAIDEN NAMED ADELINE SCHMIDT,  
WHO WENT TO THE DOCTOR CAUSE SHE COULDN'T SHIT,  
HE GAVE HER SOME MEDICINE ALL WRAPPED UP IN GLASS,  
AND UP WENT THE WINDOW AND OUT WENT HER ASS.

#### CHORUS:

IT WAS BROWN, BROWN, SHIT ALL AROUND  
IT WAS BROWN, BROWN, SHIT ALL AROUND  
IT WAS BROWN, BROWN, SHIT ALL AROUND  
THE WHOLE WORLD WAS COVERED WITH SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT.

A HANDSOME YOUNG COPPER WAS WALKING HIS BEAT,  
HE HAPPENED TO BE ON THAT SIDE OF THE STREET,  
HE LOOKED UP SO HANDSOME, HE LOOKED UP SO SHY,  
AND A BIG PIECE OF SHIT HIT HIM RIGHT IN THE EYE.

#### CHORUS

THAT HANDSOME YOUNG COPPER, HE CURSED AND HE SPORE,  
HE CALLED THAT YOUNG MAIDEN A DIRTY OLD WHORE,  
AND ON LONDON BRIDGE YOU CAN STILL SEE HIM SIT,  
WITH A SIGN ROUND HIS NECK SAYING, "BLINDED BY SHIT."

#### CHORUS



### MY FATHER WAS A FIREMAN

CLANG, CLANG, CLANG AND THE GODDAMN FIRE WENT OUT  
OH TO BE A FIREMAN  
TO DRIVE A FIRE ENGINE RED  
TO SAY TO A TEAM OF WHITE HORSES  
GIVE ME HEAD, GIVE ME HEAD, GIVE ME HEAD

MY FATHER WAS A FIREMAN,  
HE PUTS OUT FIRES....  
MY BROTHER WAS A FIREMAN,  
HE PUTS OUT FIRES....  
MY SISTER SAL WAS A FIREMAN'S GAL,  
SHE PUTS OUT TOO....



### SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT, COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME.  
SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT, COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME.  
I LOOKED OVER JORDAN AND WHAT DID I SEE,  
COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME?  
A BAND OF ANGELS, COMING AFTER ME,  
COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME.

1ST RENDITION - SING WITH GESTURES  
2ND RENDITION - HUM WITH GESTURES  
3RD RENDITION - GESTURES ONLY



### BALLS OF O'LEARY

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY,  
ARE WRINKLED AND HAIRY,  
THEY'RE SHAPELY AND STATELY,  
LIKE THE DOME OF SAINT PAUL.

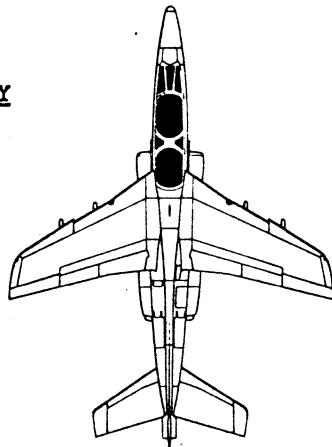
THE WOMEN ALL MUSTER,  
TO VIEW THAT GREAT CLUSTER,  
OH, THEY STAND AND THEY STARE,  
AT THAT BLOODY RED PAIR  
OF O'LEARY'S BALLS.

### I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE BY THE ROADSIDE.  
I KNEW RIGHT AWAY SHE WAS DEAD.  
THE SKIN WAS ALL GONE FROM HER TUMMY,  
THE HAIR WAS ALL GONE FROM HER HEAD.

AND AS I LAY DOWN THERE BESIDE HER,  
I KNEW RIGHT AWAY I HAD SINNED.  
SO I PRESSED MY LIPS TO HER SWEET PUSSY,  
AND SUCKED OUT THE WAD I'D SHOT IN.

SUCKED OUT, SUCKED OUT,  
I SUCKED OUT THE WAD I'D SHOT IN, SHOT IN.  
SUCKED OUT, SUCKED OUT,  
I SUCKED OUT THE WAD I'D SHOT IN.



### RED RIVER VALLEY

COME AND SIT ON MY FACE, IF YOU LOVE ME  
COME AND SIT ON MY FACE, IF YOU CARE  
LET ME STARE UP YOUR RED RIVER VALLEY, VALLEY, VALLEY....  
AND MUNCH ON YOUR SWEET PUBIC HAIRS

### PUBIC HAIRS (BABY FACE)

PUBIC HAIRS, YOU'VE GOT THE CUTEST LITTLE PUBIC HAIRS  
THERE'S NOTHING IN THE WORLD THAT QUITE COMPARES  
WITH PUBIC HAIRS  
PENIS OR VAGINA, NOTHING IN THE WORLD IS FINER  
PUBIC HAIRS, I'M IN HEAVEN WHEN I'M IN YOUR UNDERWEAR!  
I DIDN'T NEED A SHOVE, TO TAKE A MOUTHFUL OF,  
YOU'RE CUTEST PUBIC HAIRS

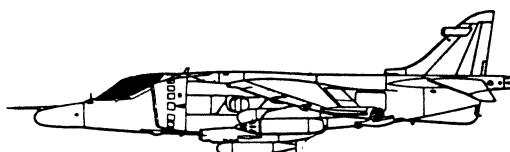
### BY THE LIGHT

BY THE LIGHT, SSH, SSH, SSH,---SSH, SSH, SSH  
OF THE FLICKERING MATCH, SSH, SSH, SSH,---SSH, SSH, SSH  
I SAW HER SNATCH, SSH, SSH, SSH,---SSH, SSH, SSH  
IN A WATERMELON PATCH, OH YEAH.  
BY THE LIGHT, SSH, SSH, SSH,---SSH, SSH, SSH  
OF THE FLICKERING MATCH, SSH, SSH, SSH,---SSH, SSH, SSH  
I SAW HER CLEAM,  
I HEARD HER SCREAM,  
YOU ARE BURNING MY SNATCH, SSH, SSH, SSH,---SSH, SSH, SSH  
WITH YOUR GODDAMN MATCH!!

### I LOVE' MY WIFE

I LOVE MY WIFE, YES I DO, YES I DO.  
I LOVE HER TRULY,  
I LOVE THE HOLE THAT SHE PISSES THROUGH.

I LOVE HER RUBY RED LIPS, AND HER LILY WHITE TITS,  
AND HER LITTLE BROWN ASSHOLE.  
I'D EAT HER SHIT - GOBBLE, GOBBLE,  
CHOMP, CHOMP,  
WITH A RUSTY SPOON, WITH A RUSTY SPOON.



WOODPECKER SONG (DIXIE)

OH, I STUCK MY FINGER IN A WOODPECKER'S HOLE  
AND THE WOODPECKER SAID GOD BLESS MY SOUL  
TAKE IT OUT, TAKE IT OUT, TAKE IT OUT  
REMOVE IT

SO, I REMOVED MY FINGER FROM THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE  
AND THE WOODPECKER SAID GOD BLESS MY SOUL  
PUT IT BACK, PUT IT BACK, PUT IT BACK  
REPLACE IT

I REPLACED MY FINGER IN THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE  
AND THE WOODPECKER SAID GOD BLESS MY SOUL  
TURN IT AROUND, TURN IT AROUND, TURN IT AROUND  
REVOLVE IT

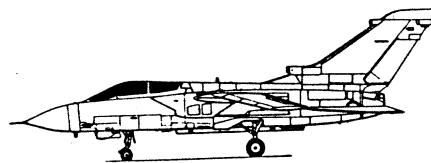
SO, I REVOLVED MY FINGER IN THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE  
AND THE WOODPECKER SAID GOD BLESS MY SOUL  
IN AND OUT, IN AND OUT, IN AND OUT  
RECIPROcate IT

SO, I RECIPROcATED MY FINGER IN THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE  
AND THE WOODPECKER SAID GOD BLESS MY SOUL  
PULL IT OUT, PULL IT OUT, PULL IT OUT  
RETRACT IT

SO, I RETRACTED MY FINGER FROM THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE  
AND THE WOODPECKER SAID GOD BLESS MY SOUL  
TAKE A SMELL, TAKE A SMELL, TAKE A SMELL  
REVOLTING

KOTEX SONG (AS THE CAISSON GOES ROLLING ALONG)

YOU CAN TELL BY THE SMELL THAT SHE ISN'T FEELING WELL  
WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND  
YOU CAN TELL BY HER DANCE SHE HAS SOMETHING IN HER PANTS  
WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND  
FOR IT'S HI, HI, HEE IN THE KOTEX FACTORY  
SUPER! JUNIOR! BAND-AID!  
FOR WHERE 'ERE YOU GO, THE BLOOD WILL ALWAYS FLOW  
WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND (KEEP 'EM BLEEDIN')  
WHEN THE END OF THE MONTH ROLLS AROUND



SAMMY SMALL

OH, MY NAME IS SAMMY SMALL, FUCK 'EM ALL.  
OH, MY NAME IS SAMMY SMALL, FUCK 'EM ALL.  
OH, MY NAME IS SAMMY SMALL, AND I ONLY HAVE ONE BALL.  
BUT IT'S BETTER THAN NONE AT ALL, SO FUCK 'EM ALL.

OH, THEY SAY I SHOT A MAN, FUCK 'EM ALL.  
OH, THEY SAY I SHOT A MAN, FUCK 'EM ALL.  
THEY SAY I SHOT HIM DEAD WITH A PIECE OF FUCKING LEAD.  
NOW THAT SILLY FUCKER'S DEAD, SO FUCK 'EM ALL.

OH, THEY SAY I'M GOING TO SWING, FUCK 'EM ALL.  
OH, THEY SAY I'M GOING TO SWING, FUCK 'EM ALL.  
OH, THEY SAY I'M GOING TO SWING FROM A PIECE OF FUCKING STRING.  
WHAT A SILLY FUCKING THING, SO FUCK 'EM ALL.

OH, THE PARSON HE WILL COME, FUCK 'EM ALL.  
OH, THE PARSON HE WILL COME, FUCK 'EM ALL.  
OH, THE PARSON HE WILL COME WITH HIS TALES OF KINGDOM COME.  
HE CAN SHOVE 'EM UP HIS BUM, SO FUCK 'EM ALL.

OH, THEY SAY I GREASED THE ROPE, FUCK 'EM ALL  
OH, THEY SAY I GREASED THE ROPE, FUCK 'EM ALL  
OH, THEY SAY I GREASED THE ROPE WITH A FUCKING PIECE OF SOAP  
WHAT A SILLY FUCKING JOKE, SO FUCK 'EM ALL

OH, THE SHERIFF WILL BE THERE TOO, FUCK 'EM ALL.  
OH, THE SHERIFF WILL BE THERE TOO, FUCK 'EM ALL.  
OH, THE SHERIFF WILL BE THERE TOO WITH HIS SILLY FUCKING CREW.  
THEY'VE GOT FUCK ALL ELSE TO DO, SO FUCK 'EM ALL.

OH, THE HANGMAN WEARS A MASK, FUCK 'EM ALL.  
OH, THE HANGMAN WEARS A MASK, FUCK 'EM ALL.  
OH, THE HANGMAN WEARS A MASK FOR HIS SILLY FUCKING TASK.  
WHAT A SILLY FUCKING ASS, SO FUCK 'EM ALL.

WITH REVERENCE

I SAW MOLLY IN THE CROWD, FUCK 'EM ALL.  
I SAW MOLLY IN THE CROWD, FUCK 'EM ALL.  
I SAW MOLLY IN THE CROWD, AND I FELT SO FUCKING PROUD.  
THAT I SHOUTED RIGHT OUT LOUD,  
FUCK 'EM ALL!



### THE ENGINEER SONG

AN ENGINEER TOLD ME BEFORE HE DIED, A RUM TITTY RUM TITTY  
RUM TITTY RUM,

AN ENGINEER TOLD ME BEFORE HE DIED,  
AND I HAVE NO REASON TO BELIEVE HE LIED, A RUM TITTY RUM TITTY  
RUM TITTY RUM, A RUM TITTY  
RUM TITTY RUM TITTY RUM

HE HAD A WIFE WITH A CUNT SO WIDE, A RUM...  
HE HAD A WIFE WITH A CUNT SO WIDE,  
THAT SHE COULD NOT BE SATISFIED, A RUM..., A RUM

SO HE BUILT A BLOODY GREAT WHEEL, A RUM...  
SO HE BUILT A BLOODY GREAT WHEEL,  
WITH TWO BRASS BALLS AND A PRICK OF STEEL, A RUM..., A RUM...

THE TWO BRASS BALLS WERE FILLED WITH CREAM, A RUM...  
THE TWO BRASS BALLS WERE FILLED WITH CREAM,  
AND THE WHOLE BLOODY THING WAS RUN BY STEAM, A RUM..., A RUM...

HE LAID HIS WIFE UPON THE BED, A RUM...  
HE LAID HIS WIFE UPON THE BED,  
AND TIED HER LEGS BEHIND HER HEAD, A RUM..., A RUM...

HE PUT THE MACHINE IN THE POSITION OF FUCK, A RUM...  
HE PUT THE MACHINE IN THE POSITION OF FUCK,  
AND WISHED HIS WIFE THE BEST OF LUCK, A RUM..., A RUM...

ROUND AND ROUND WENT THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL, A RUM...  
ROUND AND ROUND WENT THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL,  
AND IN AND OUT WENT THE PRICK OF STEEL, A RUM..., A RUM...

UP AND UP WENT THE LEVEL OF STEAM, A RUM...  
UP AND UP WENT THE LEVEL OF STEAM,  
AND DOWN AND DOWN WITH THE LEVEL OF CREAM, A RUM..., A RUM...

'TIL AT LAST HIS WIFE SHE CRIED, A RUM...  
'TIL AT LAST HIS WIFE SHE CRIED,  
"ENOUGH, ENOUGH--I'M SATISFIED!" A RUM..., A RUM...

NOW WE COME TO THE TRAGIC BIT, A RUM...  
NOW WE COME TO THE TRAGIC BIT,  
THERE WAS NO WAY OF STOPPING IT, A RUM..., A RUM...

SPLIT HIS WIFE FROM ASS TO TIT, A RUM...  
SPLIT HIS WIFE FROM ASS TO TIT,  
AND THE WHOLE BLOODY KIT WAS COVERED WITH SHIT, A RUM..., A RUM...

AND NOW WE COME TO THE PART THAT'S GRIM, A RUM...  
NOW WE COME TO THE PART THAT'S GRIM,  
IT JUMPED OFF HER AND JUMPED ON HIM, A RUM..., A RUM...

NINE MONTHS LATER A CHILD WAS BORN, A RUM...  
NINE MONTHS LATER A CHILD WAS BORN,  
WITH TWO BRASS BALLS AND A GREAT BIG HORN, A RUM..., A RUM...

NOW WE COME TO THE PART THATS BLUE, A RUM...  
NOW WE COME TO THE PART THATS BLUE,  
IT JUMPED OFF HIM AND JUMPED ON YOU! A RUM..., A RUM...

### WOULD YOU LIKE TO SIT ON MY FACE

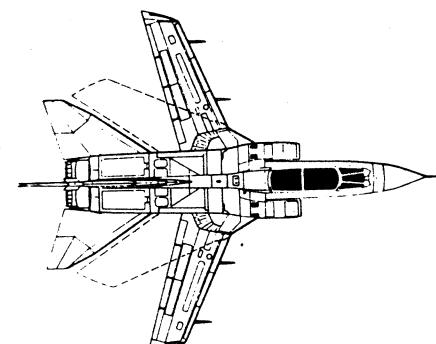
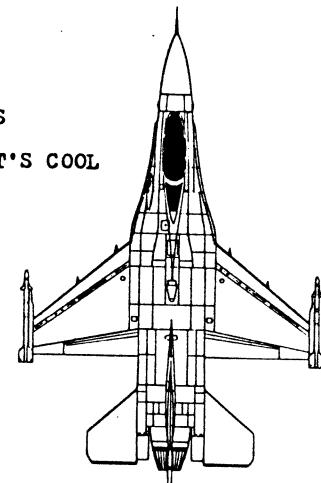
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SIT ON MY FACE,  
SPREAD YOUR ASS ALL OVER THE PLACE,  
STICK MY NOSE IN A FRAGRANT SPACE,  
OR WOULD YOU RATHER SUCK MY HOG!

A HOG IS AN ANIMAL WITH ONLY ONE EYE  
HE DEARLY LOVES TO COME BETWEEN YOUR THIGHS  
HE AIN'T TOO SMART BUT HE AIN'T NO FOOL  
HE COMES IN YOUR MOUTH BECAUSE HE THINKS IT'S COOL  
IF YOU LIKE WE COULD SING ANOTHER SONG  
OR WOULD YOU RATHER SUCK MY DONG

### SECOND VERSION

...OR WOULD YOU RATHER SIT ON MY FACE  
SPREAD YOUR CHEEKS ALL OVER THE PLACE  
STICK YOUR CLIT UP INTO MY NOSE  
OR WOULD YOU RATHER SUCK MY HOSE

A HOSE IS AN ANIMAL WITH ONE BIG RED EYE  
IT'S FAVORITE DESSERT IS A BIG HAIRY PIE  
IT LOOKS LIKE CANDY, AND TASTES REAL NEAT  
OR WOULD YOU RATHER BEAT MY MEAT...LOPE MY MULE?...  
...STROKE MY DOLPHIN?...CHOKE MY CHICKEN?...



### IT'S A LIE

BY THE RING AROUND HIS EYEBALL, YOU CAN TELL A BOMBADIER  
YOU CAN TELL A BOMBER PILOT BY THE SPREAD ACROSS HIS REAR.  
YOU CAN TELL A NAVIGATOR BY HIS SEXTANTS, CHARTS AND SUCH.  
YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT, BUT YOU CAN NOT TELL HIM MUCH!

CHORUS: IT'S A LIE, IT'S A LIE.  
YOU CAN TELL THE SILLY BASTARDS IT'S A LIE, LIE, LIE.  
IT'S A LIE, IT'S A LIE.  
YOU CAN TELL THE SILLY BASTARDS IT'S A SILLY FUCKING LIE.

FIRST LADY FORWARD, AND THE SECOND LADY BACK.  
THIRD LADY'S FINGER UP THE FOURTH LADY'S CRACK.  
NOW ALL GATHER ROUND TO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM.  
WILL THE LADY WHO JUST FARTED KINDLY LEAVE THE FUCKING ROOM?

CHORUS (EITHER)

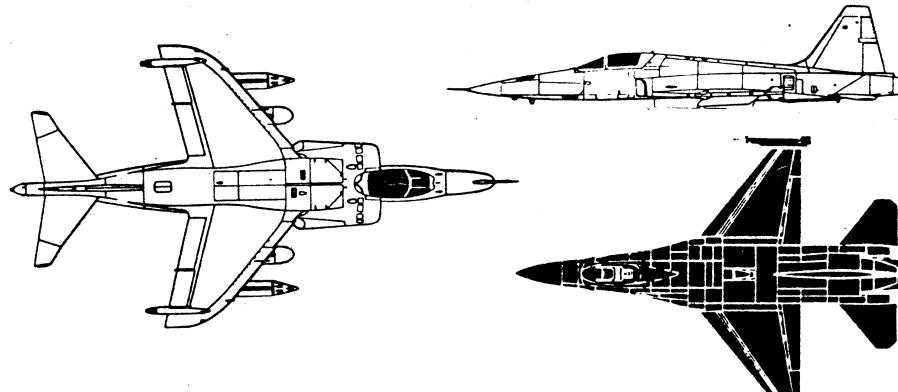
FLYING FUCKING PHANTOMS DOWN AT FORTY FUCKING FEET.  
FLY 'EM THROUGH THE SNOW AND EVEN THROUGH THE FUCKING SLEET.  
FIRST YOU FLY THE FUCKER UP AND THEN YOU FLY THE FUCKER DOWN,  
AND YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO KNOW IT WHEN YOU HIT THE FUCKING GROUND!

CHORUS (OR)

WE FLY OUR FUCKING FIGHTER DOWN TO FORTY FUCKING FEET  
THROUGH THE FUCKING CORN AND THROUGH THE FUCKING WHEAT  
FIRST YOU FLY THE FUCKERS UP AND THEN YOU FLY THE FUCKERS DOWN  
AND YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO KNOW WHEN YOU HIT THE FUCKING GROUND

CHORUS

ROLLIN' ON TARGET WITH YOUR BURNERS ALL AGLOW  
YOU PUT YOUR PIPPER ON THEM AND LET YOUR NAPALM GO  
FIRST YOU JINK TO THE LEFT AND THEN JINK OUT TO THE RIGHT  
AND YOU HIT THE DECK A RUNNING AND MAKE IT HOME ANOTHER NIGHT

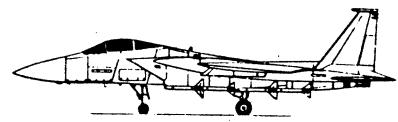


### BALLS TO YOUR PARTNER

FOUR AND TWENTY VIRGINS  
CAME DOWN FROM INVERNESS  
AND WHEN THE BALL WAS OVER  
THERE WERE FOUR AND TWENTY LESS

CHORUS

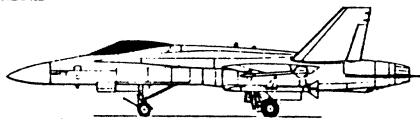
BALLS TO YOUR PARTNER  
YOUR ASS AGAINST THE WALL  
IF YOU'VE NEVER BEEN LAID ON A SATURDAY NIGHT  
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN LAID AT ALL



OH THE BRIDE WAS IN THE BATHROOM  
EXPLAINING TO THE GROOM  
THE VAGINA, NOT THE RECTUM  
IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE WOMB

OH THE PARSON'S WIFE SHE WAS THERE  
A-SEATED RIGHT IN FRONT  
A WREATH OF ROSES ROUND HER NECK  
AND A CARROT UP HER CUNT

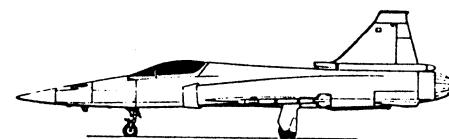
OH THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER SHE WAS THERE  
SHE HAD THEM ALL IN FITS  
DIVING FROM THE MANTLE PIECE  
AND LANDING ON HER TITS



THERE WAS FUCKING IN THE HAYLOFT  
FUCKING IN THE PICKS  
YOU COULD NOT HEAR THE MUSIC  
FOR THE SLOSHING OF THE PRICKS

THERE WAS FUCKING IN THE HALLWAYS  
FUCKING ON THE STAIRS  
YOU COULDN'T SEE THE CARPET FOR THE  
CUM AND PUBIC HAIRS

THERE WAS FUCKING IN THE BARLEY  
FUCKING IN THE OATS  
SOME WERE FUCKING SHEEP  
AND SOME WERE FUCKING GOATS



LITTLE TOMMY HE WAS THERE  
HE WAS ONLY EIGHT  
HE WAS TOO YOUNG TO PARTICIPATE  
SO HE HAD TO MASTERBATE

THE VILLAGE BUTCHER HE WAS THERE  
CLEAVER KNIFE IN HAND  
EVERY TIME HE TURNED AROUND  
HE CIRCUMSIZED A MAN

THE VILLAGE WHORE SHE WAS THERE  
SITTING ON THE FLOOR  
EVERY TIME SHE SPREAD HER LEGS  
THE SUCTION WOULD CLOSE THE DOOR

THE VILLAGE HARLET SHE WAS THERE  
DOING QUITE A STUNT  
SHE SPREAD HER LEGS REAL FAR APART  
AND WHISTLED THROUGH HER CUNT

THE VILLAGE MAGICIAN HE WAS THERE  
NOW THIS IS QUITE A TRICK  
HE PULLED HIS FORESKIN OVER HIS HEAD  
AND VANISHED UP HIS PRICK

THE VILLAGE BLIND MAN HE WAS THERE  
NOW THIS IS QUITE A TALE  
HE LINED THE GIRLS AGAINST THE WALL  
AND FINGERED THEM IN BRAIL

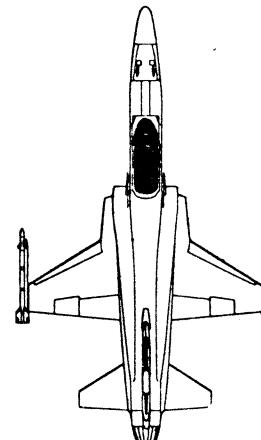
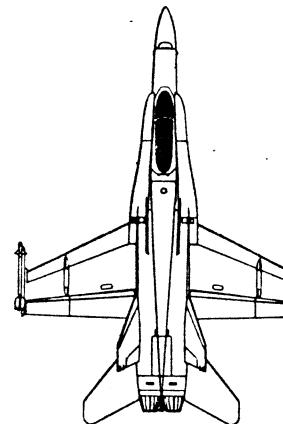
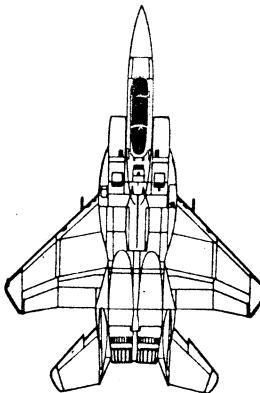
THE VILLAGE CRIPPLE HE WAS THERE  
HE WASN'T UP TO MUCH  
HE LINED THE GIRLS AGAINST THE WALL  
AND FUCKED THEM WITH HIS CRUTCH

THE VILLAGE ECONOMIST HE WAS THERE  
PETER IN HIS HAND  
WAITING FOR THE TIME  
WHEN SUPPLY WOULD MEET DEMAND

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH HE WAS THERE  
TENDING A RED HOT FIRE  
GIVING ABORTIONS TEN AT-A-TIME  
WITH A PIECE OF RED HOT WIRE

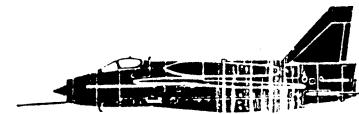
THE VILLAGE PERVERT HE WAS THERE  
WRAPPED UP IN A SHROUD  
SWINGING FROM A CHANDELIER  
AND PISSING ON THE CROWD

AND WHEN THE BALL WAS OVER  
NOTHING COULD BE FOUND  
BUT FOUR AND TWENTY MAIDENHEADS  
LYING ON THE GROUND



#### THE NECROPHYLIAC SONG

MY NAME IS JACK, DIDDLE-UM, DIDDLE-UM  
I'M A NECROPHYLIAC, DIDDLE . . .,  
I FUCK DEAD WOMEN, D . . .,  
AND FILL THEM FULL OF SEAMEN, . . .,  
SOMETIMES I GET FRUSTRATED, . . .,  
WHEN PEOPLE GET CREMATED, . . .,  
A BURIAL IS A MUST, . . .,  
BECAUSE YOU CAN'T FUCK DUST, . . .



#### LUPE (DOWN IN THE VALLEY)

TWAS DOWN IN CUNT VALLEY WHERE PISS RIVERS FLOW  
WHERE WHORE MONGERS FLORISH AND COCK SUCKERS GROW  
TWAS THERE I MET LUPE THE GIRL I ADORE  
SHE'S MY HOT FUCKING, COCKSUCKING MEXICAN WHORE

SHE GOT HER FIRST PIECE AT THE YOUNG AGE OF EIGHT  
WHILE SWINGING ONE DAY ON THE OLD GARDEN GATE  
THE CROSS BAR WENT OUT AND UPRIGHT WENT IN  
EVER SINCE THEN SHE HAS LIVED IN A WELTER OF SIN

SHE'LL FUCK YOU, SHE'LL SUCK YOU, SHE'LL GROW ON YOUR NUTS  
SHE'LL WRAP HER LEGS AROUND YOU AND SQUEEZE OUT YOUR GUTS  
SHE'LL FUCK YOU YOU AND SUCK YOU TILL YOU THINK YOU'LL DIE  
OH, I'D RATHER EAT LUPE THAN MOM'S APPLE PIE

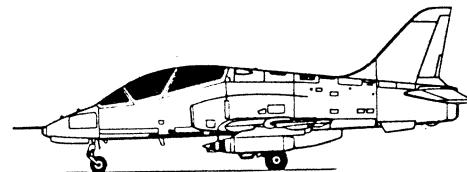
OH LUPE, DEAR LUPE LIES DEAD IN HER ROMB  
THE WORMS CRAWL OUT OF HER DECOMPOSED WOMB  
BUT THE SMILE ON HER FACE IS A MUTE CRY FOR MORE  
SHE'S MY HOT FUCKING, COCK SUCKING MEXICAN WHORE

#### THE AIRMAN'S LAMENT

I AM AN AVIATOR, I WILL NOT DRINK  
BUT IF I DO, I WILL NOT GET DRUNK  
BUT IF I DO, I WILL NOT STAGGER  
BUT IF I DO, I WILL NOT FALL DOWN  
BUT IF I DO, I WILL FALL FACE DOWN SO NO ONE CAN SEE MY WINGS

#### THE AIRMAN'S TOAST

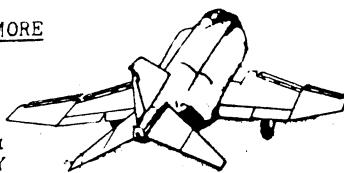
HERE'S TO ME IN MY SOBER MOOD WHEN I RAMBLE SIT AND THINK  
HERE'S TO ME IN MY DRUNKEN MOOD WHEN I GAMBLE SIN AND DRINK  
AND WHEN FROM THIS WORLD I PASS  
I HOPE THEY BURY ME UPSIDE DOWN SO THE WORLD CAN KISS MY ASS!



### MY LITTLE GIRL FROM BALTIMORE

CHORUS:

WELL-L-L-L-L-L-L  
WHY DO THE DRUMS GO BOOM DEE BOOM, DITTY  
WHY DO THE DRUMS GO BOOM DEE BOOM, DITTY  
WHY DO THE DRUMS GO BOOM DEE BOOM, DITTY  
WHY DO THE DRUMS GO BOOM DEE BOOM



WELL-L-L-L-L-L-L

I HAD A LITTLE GIRL AND I LOVED HER SO  
BUT THE FUNK FROM HER DRAWERS KNOCKED THE KNOB OFF THE DOOR  
SHE'S A ROTTEN MOTHER FUCKER, BUT I LOVE HER SO  
SHE'S MY LITTLE GIRL FROM BALTIMORE

CHORUS

WELL-L-L-L-L-L-L

I SENT HER TO THE STORE JUST TO BUY SOME CHEESE  
BUT THE FUNK FROM HER DRAWERS KNOCKED THE CLERK TO HIS KNEES  
SHE'S A ROTTEN MOTHER FUCKER, BUT I LOVE HER SO  
SHE'S MY LITTLE GIRL FROM BALTIMORE

CHORUS

WELL-L-L-L-L-L-L

I SENT HER TO THE STORE JUST TO BUY SOME STEAK  
BUT THE FUNK FROM HER DRAWERS KNOCKED THE STEAK OFF THE PLATE  
SHE'S A ROTTEN MOTHER FUCKER, BUT I LOVE HER SO  
SHE'S MY LITTLE GIRL FROM BALTIMORE

CHORUS

WELL-L-L-L-L-L-L

I SENT HER TO THE BANK JUST TO CHECK THE TILL  
BUT THE FUNK FROM HER DRAWERS KNOCKED THE GREEN OFF THE BILL  
SHE'S A ROTTEN MOTHER FUCKER, BUT I LOVE HER SO  
SHE'S MY LITTLE GIRL FROM BALTIMORE

CHORUS

WELL-L-L-L-L-L-L

I SENT HER TO THE BASE JUST TO WATCH THE PLANES FLY  
BUT THE FUNK FROM HER DRAWERS KNOCKED THE PLANES FROM THE SKY  
SHE'S A ROTTEN MOTHER FUCKER, BUT I LOVE HER SO  
SHE'S MY LITTLE GIRL FROM BALTIMORE



### FIGHTER PILOTS EAT PUSSY

CHORUS

OH, AYE, AYE, AYE, AYE

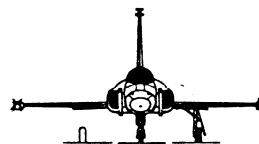
SO LETS HAVE ANOTHER VERSE  
THATS WORSE THAN THE OTHER VERSE  
WALTZ ME AROUND BY MY WILLIE

1. FIGHTER PILOTS EAT PUSSY
2. YOUR MOTHER SWIMS OUT TO MEET TROOP SHIPS (AND CATCHES THEM)
3. YOUR SISTER EATS BATSHIT OFF CAVE WALLS
4. YOUR GRANDMOTHER DOUCHES WITH DRAINO
5. YOUR MOTHER LICKS MOOSE CUM OFF PINE CONES
6. YOUR MOTHER DOES SQUAT THRUSTS ON FIREPLUGS
7. IN CHINA THEY DO IT FOR CHILE



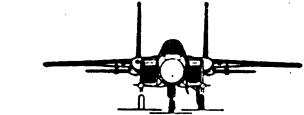
THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM BOSTON  
WHO TRADED HIS CAR FOR AN AUSTIN  
THERE WAS ROOM FOR HIS ASS AND A GALLON OF GAS  
BUT HIS BALLS HUNG OUT AND HE LOST 'EM

IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN LAY ADAM  
COMPLACENTLY STROKING HIS MADAM  
AND GREAT WAS HIS MIRTH, FOR ON ALL THE EARTH  
THERE WERE ONLY TWO BALLS AND HE HAD 'EM



THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY NAMED ALICE  
WHO USED A DYNAMITE STICK FOR A PHALLUS  
THEY FOUND HER VAGINA IN NORTH CAROLINA  
AND PARTS OF HER ASS IS DALLAS

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM FRANCE  
WHO HOPPED ON A TRAIN IN A TRANCE  
THE ENGINEER FUCKED HER BEFORE THE CONDUCTOR  
AND THE BRAKEMAN WENT OFF IN HIS PANTS



THERE WAS A YOUNG BISHOP FROM BIRMINGHAM  
WHO DIDDLING NUNS WHILE CONFIRMIN' 'EM  
HE BROUGHT THEM INDOORS, SLIPPED DOWN THEIR DRAWERS  
AND SLIPPED HIS EPISCOPAL IN 'EM

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM KILDAIR  
WHO BUGGERED HIS GIRL ON THE STAIRS  
THE BANNISTER BROKE, HE DOUBLED THE STROKE  
AND FINISHED HER OFF IN MID-AIR

THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL FROM ST. PAUL  
WHO WORE A NEWSPAPER TO A BALL  
HER DRESS CAUGHT FIRE, AND BURNED HER ENTIRE  
FRONT PAGE, SPORTS SECTION AND ALL



THERE ONCE WAS A HARLOT NAMED JONES  
WHO HAD NO EROGENOUS ZONES  
WHEN HER EFFORTS TO FAKE, COULD NOT FOOL ONE JAKE  
SHE DECIDED TO TRY SOME WHORE-MOANS

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM NANTUCKET  
WHOSE DICK WAS SO LONG HE COULD SUCK IT  
HE SAID WITH A GRIN, AS HE WIPE OFF HIS CHIN  
"IF MY EAR WERE A CUNT I WOULD FUCK IT."

THERE ONCE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM KENT  
WHOSE PRICK WAS SO LONG IT BENT  
TO SAVE HIMSELF THE TROUBLE, HE STUCK IT IN DOUBLE  
AND INSTEAD OF COMING HE WENT

A FAIRY WHO LIVED IN KHARTOUM  
TOOK A LESBIAN UP TO HIS ROOM  
THEY ARGUED ALL NIGHT, OVER WHO HAD THE RIGHT  
TO DO WHAT, AND WITH WHAT, AND TO WHOM

ON THE BREAST OF A HOOKER NAMED GAIL  
WAS TATTOOED THE PRICE OF HER TAIL  
AND ON HER BEHIND, FOR THE SAKE OF THE BLIND  
WAS THE SAME INFORMATION IN BRAILLE

THERE WAS A YOUNG COUPLE NAMED SMELLY  
WHO WENT THROUGH LIFE BELLY TO BELLY  
BECAUSE IN THEIR HASTE, THEY USED LIBRARY PASTE  
INSTEAD OF PETROLEUM JELLY

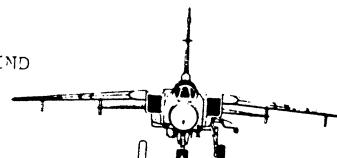
THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM DUNDEE  
WHO BUGGERED AN APE IN A TREE  
THE RESULT WAS MOST HORRID, ALL ASS AND NO FOREHEAD  
THREE BALLS AND AN ASSIGNMENT TO AN OV.

A FRUSTRATED GIRL FROM THE STICKS  
ONCE PLANTED AN ACRE OF PRICKS  
THEY CAME UP IN THE FALL, UP TO TEN INCHES TALL  
AND SHE MILKED THEM EACH MORNING AT SIX

A HORNY YOUNG FELLOW FROM WHEELING  
JERKED OFF EVERY MORN WITH GREAT FEELING  
IN NO TIME AT ALL, HE HAD WHITEWASHED THE WALL--  
AND THEN STARTED IN ON THE CIELING

A SHORTSTOP BY THE NAME OF MCRAY  
SCREWED HIS LOVE IN THE USUAL WAY  
WHILE IN BACK HE WOULD BUGGER, WITH HIS LOUISVILLE SLUGGER  
THUS COMPLETING A NEAT DOUBLE PLAY

A HANDSOME YOUNG FELLOW NAMED MORRIS  
WHILE LICKING HIS GIRLFRIEND'S CLITORIS  
SAID TO THE LASS, "HONEY, YOU SURE DO TASTE FUNNY."  
SHE SAID, "I'VE JUST DOUCHE WITH LAVORIS."



THERE ONCE WAS A FARMER NAMED FRITZ  
WHO PLANTED AN ACRE OF TITS  
THEY COME UP IN THE FALL, PINK NIPPLES AND ALL  
AND HE LITERALLY CHEWED THEM TO BITS

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN NAMED MOLINE  
WHO INVENTED A JACK-OFF MACHINE  
ON THE NINETY-NINTH STROKE, THE GODDAMNED THING BROKE  
AND RIPPED HIS BALLS TO A CREAM

THERE WAS A LADY FROM CAPE COD  
WHO THOUGHT ALL BABIES CAME FROM GOD  
BUT IT WASN'T THE ALMIGHTY, WHO LIFTED HER NIGHTY  
IT WAS ROGER THE LODGER, BY GOD

A PLUMBER NAMED MAGEE  
WAS PLUMBING HIS GIRL BY THE SEA  
WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, SHE SAID, "QUICK SOMONE'S COMING"  
TEE HEE SAID MAGEE, IT'S ONLY ME

#### THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS

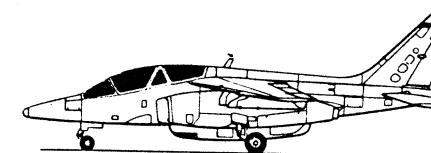
IT WAS MIDNIGHT IN OLD KORAT, ALL THE PILOTS WERE IN BED  
WHEN UP STEPPED COL                   , AND THIS IS WHAT HE SAID  
"PHANTOMS, GENTLE PHANTOMS, PHANTOMS ONE AND ALL. PILOTS,  
GENTLE PILOTS AND ALL THE PILOTS BALLS."  
WHEN STEPPED UP A YOUNG LIEUTENANT, WITH A VOICE AS HARSH AS  
BRASS, "YOU CAN TAKE THOSE GODDAMN PHANTOM JETS AND SHOVE THEM  
UP YOUR ASS."

CHORUS  
OH HALLELUIA, SING HALLELUIA, THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS  
SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ASS  
OH HALLELUIA, OH HALLELUIA, THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS AND  
YOU'LL BE SAVED

CRUISING DOWN THE MEKONG, DOING SIX AND TWENTY PER  
THERE CAME A CALL FROM THE MAJOR, "OH WON'T YOU SAVE ME SIR?"  
GOT THREE BIG FLAK HOLES IN MY WING, MY TANKS AIN'T GOT NO GAS  
MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY GOT SIX MIGS ON MY ASS

I SHOT MY TRAFFIC PATTERN, TO ME IT LOOKED ALL RIGHT  
THE AIRSPEED READ 130, MY GOD I RACKED IT TIGHT  
THE AIRFRAME GAVE A SHUDDER, THE ENGINE GAVE A WHEEZE  
MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY SPIN INSTRUCTIONS PLEASE

FOULED UP MY CROSSWIND LANDING, MY LEFT WING HIT THE GROUND  
THERE CAME A CALL FROM THE TOWER, PULL UP AND GO AROUND  
I RACKED THE PHANTOM IN THE AIR, A DOZEN FEET OR MORE  
THE ENGINE QUIT, I ALMOST SHIT, THE GEAR CAME THROUGH THE FLOOR



SHE SANG SO FAIR

OH, SHE SANG SO FAIR, IN THE MIDNIGHT AIR,  
AS THE WIND BLEW UP HER NIGHTIE.  
HER TITS HUNG LOOSE LIKE THE BALLS ON A MOOSE  
OH ME, OH MY, OH MIGHTIE

SHE JUMPED IN BED PUT THE COVERS O'ER HER HEAD  
AND SAID I COULD NOT FIND HER.  
I KNEW DAMN WELL THAT SHE LIED LIKE HELL  
SO I JUMPED RIGHT IN BEHIND HER.

I STUCK MY PETE UP UNDER HER SHEET  
UP IN HER SAUSAGE GRINDER.  
THE YOLK OF AN EGG RAN DOWN HER LEG  
AND THE SHIT ROLLED OUT BEHIND HER.

SHE BURPED AND FARTED AND SHIT ON THE FLOOR  
AND THE GAS FROM HER ASS KNOCKED THE KNOB OFF THE DOOR.  
THE MOON SHONE BRIGHT ON THE NIPPLES OF HER TITS  
AND THE BULL FUCKED A COW AND THE DOG TOOK A SHIT.

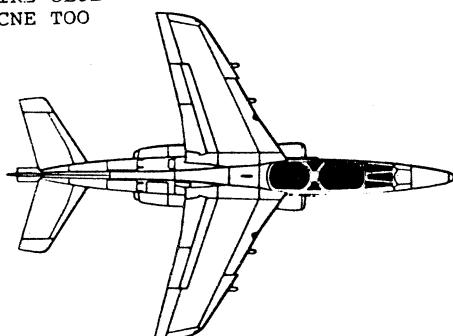
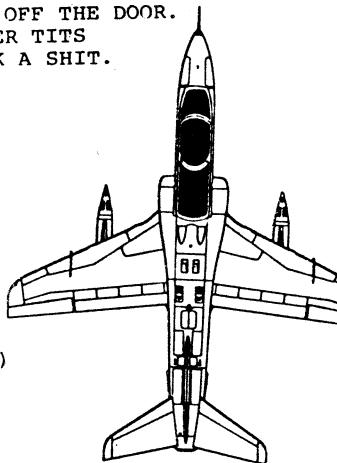
I FUCKED HER ONCE AND I FUCKED HER TWICE  
AND I FUCKED HER ONCE TOO OFTEN.  
I BROKE THE MAIN SPRING IN HER CUNT  
AND NOW SHE'S IN HER COFFIN.

SUNG BY THE WHOREHOUSE QUARTET--  
HAVE YOU GOT A HARD ON--NOT YET!  
ARE YOU GOING TO GET ONE--YOU BET!  
JUST GIVE ME TIME.

NAPE IS GREAT (TEA FOR TWO)

NAPE IS GREAT, SO HIT MY GRIDS  
IT BURNS, IT BAKES, IT STICKS TO KIDS  
NAPE IS GREAT, SO DROP IT ON THEIR HEADS  
(WATCH 'EM BURN AND SEE THEIR GUTS POP OUT)

WHEN YOU DROP A CAN OR TWO  
IT HITS THEIR BODS AND STICKS LIKE GLUE  
NAPE IS GREAT AND CURES THEIR ACNE TOO



SPLITS ONTO MY BOMB RUN, I GOT TOO GODDAMN LOW  
I PRESSED THE BLOODY PATTERN, LET ALL MY BABIES GO  
I SUCKED THE STICK BACK IN MY GUT, AND A HIT A HIGH SPEED STALL  
NOW I WON'T SEE MY MOTHER WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL

SALLY

SALLY'S IN THE ALLEY SIFTING CINDERS  
LIFTED UP HER LEG AND FARTED LIKE A MAN  
WIND FROM HER BLOOMERS BROKE SIXTEEN WINDOWS  
CHEEKS OF HER ASS WENT BAM BAM BAM

HAIL BRITANIA

HAIL BRITANIA, MARMALADE AND JAM  
THREE CHINESE CRACKERS UP HER ASSHOLE  
BAM, BAM, BAM

HAIL BRITANIA, MARMALADE AND JAM  
TWO CHINESE CRACKERS UP HER ASSHOLE  
BAM, BAM

HAIL BRITANIA, MARMALADE AND JAM  
ONE CHINESE CRACKER UP HER ASSHOLE  
BAM

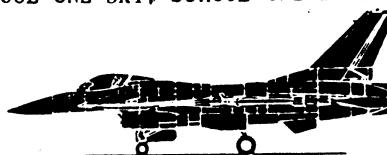
HAIL BRITANIA, MARMALADE AND JAM  
NO CHINESE CRACKERS UP HER ASSHOLE

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB, LITTLE LAMB, LITTLE LAMB,  
MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB, IT'S FLEECE WAS WHITE AS SNOW

IT FOLLOWED HER TO SCHOOL ONE DAY, SCHOOL ONE DAY, SCHOOL ONE DAY.  
IT FOLLOWED HER TO SCHOOL ONE DAY  
AND A BIG BLACK DOG FUCKED IT.

MY GIRL



THE NIPPLES ON HER TITS ARE AS BIG AS PLUMS.  
THE WIGGLE WHEN SHE WALKS WOULD MAKE A DEAD MAN COME.  
SHE'S A MEAN MOTHER-FUCKER, SHE'S A GREAT COCKSUCKER.  
SHE'S MY GIRL - SHE FUCKS.

MARY ANN BURNS



MARY ANN BURNS IS THE QUEEN OF ALL THE ACROBATS.  
SHE CAN DO TRICKS THAT WOULD GIVE A GUY THE SHITS.  
SHE COULD ROLL A GREEN PEA AROUND HER FUNDAMENTAL CRIFICE.  
DO A DOUBLE FLIP AND CATCH IT ON HER TITS.

SHE'S A GREAT BIG SON-OF-A-BITCH, TWICE AS BIG AS ME,  
HAIR AROUND HER ASSHOLE LIKE BRANCHES ON A TREE,  
SHE CAN SWIM, FISH, FIGHT, FUCK,  
FLY A PHANTOM, DRIVE A TRUCK.  
MARY ANN BURNS IS THE GIRL FOR ME.



ODE TO MARY ANN BYRNES

MARY ANN BYRNES YOU FILTHY BITCH  
WITH HANDS AND FEET AS BLACK AS PITCH  
GREAT PURPLE SORES FESTER ON YOUR TOES  
AND LONG GREEN STRANDS OF SNOT DANGLE FROM YOUR NOSE  
AND BEFORE I'D TOUCH ONE FESTERING THIGH  
OR KISS ONE WITHERED TIT  
I'D DRINK NINE QUARTS OF AFTERBIRTH  
AND BATHE IN VULTURE SHIT

PISSIN' IN THE WIND

Written by Jerry Jeff Walker

Pissin' in the wind  
Bettin' on a loosin' friend  
Makin' the same mistakes  
We swore we'd never make again  
And we're pissin' in the wind  
But it's blowin' on all of our friends  
We're gonna sit and grin  
And tell our grandchildren

About the time I called this Guy  
It was four in the mornin'  
Teach me the words to the song I was hummin'  
He just laughed and he said  
The ole grey cat is sneakin' down the hall  
But all he wants to know is  
Who in the hell is payin' for the call

Repeat Chorus:

Now this Nunn called me up  
It was eight in the mornin'  
Wanted to know how in the world am I doin'  
He just laughed and he said  
Get together boy, and fall on by the house  
Some Gonzo buddies would like to play  
Anything you're pickin' now

Repeat Chorus

Now we worked and we suffered and struggled  
Makin' our record til we got it right  
Now we're waitin' on the check to come  
Sneakin' down the hall  
Like that old time feelin'  
That we never should have ever put on the record  
at all

That the answer my friend is just  
Pissin' in the wind  
The answer is pissin' in the sink

THE PILSBURY JAKEOFFS

(SUNG TO THE TUNE OF THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES)

COME 'N LISTEN TO A STORY 'BOUT A MAN HI-BOB  
A SHORT FIGHTER PILOT HAD A REALLY NEAT JOB  
THEN ONE DAY, HE WAS YELLIN AT HIS CREW  
BUT NATO CAME AND TOLD 'M, "HERE'S WHAT YA GONNA DO

MOVE, THAT IS"  
REPLACED BY DRONES  
MORE MISSILES  
PERSHING TWOS  
GROUND LAUNCHED CRUISE MISSILES  
NUCLEAR WARHEADS  
INSTANT SUNRISE  
MORE SHOECLERKS!!!  
FUCK 'EM

WELL, THE NEXT THING YA KNOW BOB'S BOYS ATR OUTTA THERE  
NATO SAYS YA GONNA HAVE TO MOVE AWAY FROM HERE  
SAID IN CALIFORN-YA, THERE'S A SLOT YA GOTTA FILL  
SO THEY LOADED UP THEIR BRONCOS, AND FLEW TO VICTORVILLE

GEORGE, THAT IS  
BIG DESERT  
MIDDLE 'A NOWHERE  
NO TREES  
LIGHT BEER  
LARRY ROBERTSON ON A SURFBOARD  
DISNEYLAND  
27TH TASS  
FUCK 'EM

BUT HI-BOB SAID HE WON'T TAKE THIS LYING DOWN  
HIS HEELS WERE STILL A DRAG 'N WHEN THE BRONCOS LEFT THE GROUND  
AS THEY HEADED 'CROSS THE 'LANTIC, THE SHOE CLERKS WISHED THEM WELL  
THE BOYS CAME BACK ON TOWER FREQ, AND TOLD 'M GO TO HELL

FUCK YOU, THAT IS  
WE'RE TALKING POOPY SUITS  
ICEBERGS  
COLD  
TANK WON'T FEED - OHHHH NOOOO  
NO DIVERT  
COLD  
WIND ON THE NOSE - ONLY A HUNDRED KNOTS  
ONLY FIVE DAYS TO TOOLIE  
POLAR BEARS

WELL, NOW ITS TIME TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO HI-BOB AND HIS MEN  
THEY TOOK OFF HEADING WEST AND THEN WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN  
BUT YOU'RE ALL INVITED BACK NEXT YEAR, TO OUR NEW HOME IN THE SUN  
THE LAND OF TAC WITH STRIPELESS SOCKS AND ZIPPERS NOT UNDONE

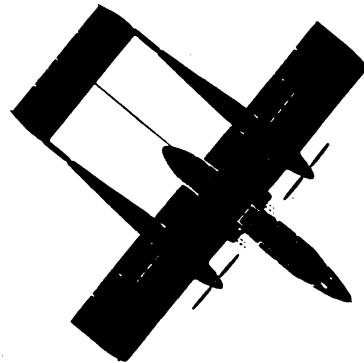
GENERAL CREECH, THAT IS  
TAKE YOUR HAT OUT OF YOUR POCKET, BOY  
NICE HAIRCUT  
WHAT DO-YA MEAN WE CAN'T SING IN THE BAR  
Y'ALL BITE MY ASS NOW, YA HEAR?

WHAT IS A FIGHTER PILOT?

A fighter joc is quite a phenomenon. He likes flying (single seats only) and especially gunnery, acrobatics, and cross-countries. He has a strange fascination for flying boats, its cars, at parties, or happy hour. His natural habitat (when on the ground) is the of the Bearded Clam, Europe, and/or certain parts of the Orient. He has an affinity for women and booze (especially Martinis so dry the bartender just faces Italy and salutes). Likes Steve Canyon, to read Snoopy, eat stakes, and tell dirty jokes. His favorite hide-place is in dark cool bars or behind a pair of dark glasses. He is capricious. To himself he may fire practice flares from mobile control, throw empty beer cans down HQ corridors, pour drinks down an overexposing decollete, or become generally obnoxious, or females (the order of priority is apparently irrelevant). He has an aversion for survival training, bomber pilots (or most other pilots for that matter), mobile control, AO duty, or extended alerts. He tolerates ankle biters and house (other han his own), and has an overwhelming hatred for bingo. Whenever possible he is weather, icy runways, lost comm, flame outs, and ejections. Water makes him sick (he's frozen and surrounded by Scotch), and would rather face a firing squad than be pushing a baby buggy or carry an umbrella. At the mention of matrimony, he becomes atomic schizophonic and has a mysterious distaste toward a wedding band. A fighter pilot is a composite. He has the nevers of a robot, the audacity of Dennis Menace, the lungs of a platoon sergeant, the vitality of an atomic bomb, the imagination of a science fiction writer, glib as a diplomat, impervious to suggestion, and is a paragon of wisdom with a wealth of unassorted, completely unrelated and irrelevant facts. He wears biggest watch, has the shortest staying power and is always trying to get laid on credit. He tries to make an impression, either his brain turns to mud or he becomes a savage, atomic jungle creature bent on destroying the world and himself with it. Who else can cram into one flying suit: check lists, maps, zeus openers, check lists, the novel, knives guns flares and snares, nylon cording, a handkerchief, assorted in-s, aspirin, cigerattes, a flashlight, check lists, pencils, pens, gloves, a deck of cards, coded telephone numbers, a wallet, keys, his horoscope, a talisman, a St Christopher pendant, check lists -- and a chunk of unknown substance. At home with his wife he is docile, sweet, tender, loving, amiable -- just a helluva guy to have around the house -- straight arrow all the way, except when they're fighting -- then he becomes a beast who is tyronical, suspicious, diabolical, and a masochistic friend who just ain't got no couth (these symptoms may also appear after beer call). As a father he is tough but oh so gentle, kind, just, protective, far sighted, ambitious, really proud of that young fighter pilot (he'll never admit it, and it's never displayed public, but that goes for the little girl too). In the air he is calculating and confident. His voice gruff and steely cool (an acoustical characteristic regardless of how he feels), pierces the garbled waves, barking terse commands. On the hunt he becomes part monster: scanning with eyes of a falcon, has the reflexes of a cat, the instincts of a barracuda, the cunning of a fox -- and the ability to turn his head 360 degrees on all axes. When approaching the target, mind and metal fuse, bring a killer-child. Destruction is sure and precise as Euclidion geometry. Steel and split the icy atmosphere -- swift and merciless he revels in his private moment of truth. After the mission he is tired, thirsty, dirty, and bedraggled. He walks with his legs lead to the nearest latrine (or empties out his G-suit). Hair matted with helmet rat " and mask scars etched in red raw face, he knows he has bid and beaten the grim reaper. Then with the oily odor of JP-4 clinging to a salt encrusted zipper-ripper, he'll unleash shiny-eyed smile which says, "let's press on to the O Club and inhale a few tall frosty -- whereupon he miraculously regenerates into a critical mass and with a flurry of arms, legs, and body english stuns his alcoholic cohorts with tales of "hairy deeds". The fighter jock is magic, a master imposter, Houdini with the top of his blouse unbuttoned. He's he's old, sometimes young. Immature yet sage. He is instant fear and lasting brightness. Hovers between play and business, and can make your date right before your eyes. He is present, past and future rolled into one. But most of

all he's got Wings -- with a throttle in his left hand and a stick in his right -- sh  
to a million dollar blow torch and always ready to get the maximum out of every minut  
every hour of every day.

--Ford Smartt



ASSEMBLED BY BORIS (MIKE SYIEK)

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